

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

"MOTAKI!"—A SOUTH SEA IDYL.

(After reading Frederick O'Brien's engrossing but sometimes puzzlingly worded "Atolls of the Sun.")

I set out in my *va aalo*¹
For the *toa aau*² near by.
A few feet away I saw a large *peata*,³
But he paid no attention to me.
He was chasing a *kuavena*.⁴
Except for their splashing,
The water was Like a Sheet of Glass.
Overhead the sun, or the *kokore toru*,⁵
(I don't remember which) shone brightly.
"Motaki!" I exclaimed
As the graceful *makohes*⁶ flew overhead.
(Looking down at my boat as they
did)

For a bird's-eye view, I suppose.)
As I neared the *toa aau*⁷
I noticed a tiny isle a few feet away.
Under a tree sat a beautiful *moi kanahau*.⁸
Seeing me approach, she rose with alacrity

And joyfully picked up her *ao*.⁹
And started to do the *titi e te opo*.¹⁰
"Motaki!" I exclaimed.

"Welcome, *haae*!"¹¹ she replied.
"What can I do for you?"
"I seek to catch a few coral," I answered.
"Have you brought any *dictalobu*?"¹² she asked.

"Yes—and my *tierra lootu*,"¹³ I said. . . .
We sat near the coral reef all day
And caught forty pounds of coral.
"You are an expert coral-fisher," I said.
"Yes," she replied, starting to sing.
"I am a member of the local Choral Society."

When we had caught enough coral
We fished for *malietua*.¹⁴
Then I said, "Will you return with me in
my *va aalo*?"¹⁵

"Leave your *va aalo* here," she answered.
"Let's ride in my *titea mata*.¹⁶ It is more
romantic."

So we set forth in the *titea mata*
That was laden with *bonito*,¹⁷ *squid*,¹⁸
*popi*¹⁹ and *kochi*.²⁰

We feasted like two happy children. . . .
From a nearby shore
A *kuku*²¹ appropriately sang. . . .

"Motaki!"²² I exclaimed, overcome with
joy.

1. Boat.
2. Coral reef.
3. Shark.
4. Fish.
5. Moon.
6. "Fine" or "Ain't this great!"
7. Native birds.
8. See 2.
9. Youthful native maiden.
10. Dancing wand.
11. Native dance.
12. See 6.
13. Stranger.
14. Bait (recently coined).
15. Fishing tackle (recently coined).
16. Fish.
17. See 1.
18. Glass bottomed skiff.
19. 20, 21, 22. Native delicacies.
20. A green bird.
21. See 6.

It is dangerous for an author of travel stuff to use too much native lingo. Though it is explained on page 54 that a *gazinkus* is a mudturtle, when the reader encounters the term again on Page 197 he has forgotten the explanation and spends twenty minutes hunting for the page that will enlighten him. Usually he doesn't find it. And this makes him a bit peevish. . . . We, for one, want to know the meaning of *rahui*. It didn't sink in the time Mr. O'Brien explained it and we can't find the explanatory paragraph. . . . For information as to the meaning of *rahui* we'll give anything except our copy of "Atolls of the Sun," which we prize even if it did cause us many corrugations of the brow.

LONDON LIT'RY LETTER—SPECIAL TO THE BOOK FACTORY

"When you see the name of John Galsworthy on a book or a playbill or a bogus prospectus," remarked Stacy Aumonier, addressing the P. E. N. Club the other night, "you know that it stands for something." J. G. went up another notch in the estimation of this young feller when he arose smiling and said: "I don't see where Mr. Aumonier finds such ridiculously nice things to say about me." Incidentally, Mr.

Galsworthy was the only speaker to make proper acknowledgment of the work of Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, founder of this international club.

Your correspondent discussed "Books and Things" until along toward 2 A. M. Other day with Robert Lynd, who is getting to be known these days as the best of the English critics. Lynd asked after his namesake, Bob Lynd, erstwhile of the *Publishers' Weekly*, Scribners and B. W. Huebsch, and we sadly informed him that Bob was lost to the Lord. Sadly, Robert.

These English scribes have a way of interviewing their interviewers. John Drinkwater asked us the other day to tell him all we knew about the two great American subjects—prohibition and baseball, of course. Especially baseball. Drinkwater wants to know why no great poet arises to sing its epic of swat. But we were much too fascinated by the high pitched sing song of Arnold Bennett's voice (it was at the Garrick Club) to contribute much wisdom.

Michael Sadleir, who is a member of the publishing firm of Constable's holds that a publishing job has a sane and steady influence on a writer. Pr'aps. But the job we vote for—strictly from the writing point of view—is one of those English civil service jobs making the taxpayer groan from 10 A. M. to 4. (The theory is that they groan the rest of the time without assistance.

LONDON.

JOE.

Perhaps Roland Pertwee, Stewart Edward White, Sinclair Lewis and the other novelists who mention the different makes of automobiles get the idea from Doc Coue, the well known autosuggestion guy.

That's a peach of a portrait of Franklin P. Adams that Doubleday, Page & Co. released a few weeks ago when "Overstuffed" was published, but it should have carried an explanation of the smile. Certainly that isn't F. P. A.'s colymbing look. That, as is well known, is a dark scowl. The portrait should have been captioned: BOSS OF CONNING TOWER STRAIGHT-FLUSHED WITH VICTORY AFTER POKER GAME WITH HEYWOOD BROUN. OR: FRANK ADAMS GRINNING TRIUMPHANTLY AFTER WINNING TERRIFIC ONE-SET TENNIS MATCH FROM SIGMUND SPAETH.

IN BUCKEL'S BOOKSHOP.

"I have a great idea, Mr. Buckel," said Head Clerk Flick as he gave a copy of "This Freedom" an affectionate pat. (A moment before he had patted a copy of "Babbitt." He liked to stroke the books that sold. . . . But this is beside the point.)

"Humph!" said Mr. Buckel, not especially impressed. (We have never heard any one say "Humph!" but our novel reading has taught us that this is the proper way to register what we want Mr. Buckel to register.)

"Yes," continued the blithesome Mr. Flick, who was not to be squelched by a humph, "I've a wonderful idea."

"I've got a pretty good one myself," said Mr. Buckel, totaling the morning's sales. "It's this: if you'll get busy preparing that Children's Book Week window you'll be spending your time more profitably than you are now."

"Let me spill my idea first," continued the unabashed Head Clerk. "It's a live wire hunch; in fact, it was to do with the radio."

"What do you propose?" asked the scornful proprietor as he added the last column of figures. "Radio Concerts to Cheer the Tired Shopper? Bah!"

"No, this is a business pulling scheme. Radio wirepulling, as it were. My idea is radio talks by the authors of current books 'Air Current Talks' we might call 'em. We can start with Booth Tarkington, Sinclair Lewis, Donne Byrne, Joseph Hergesheimer and a few more birds like that."

"Don't be a piker," taunted Mr. Buckel. "Why don't you toss in James Branch Cabell, Edward Bok, H. L. Mencken and a few others?"

"Why not?" responded Mr. Flick. "It's the easiest thing in the world to arrange."

Mr. Buckel dropped his pencil

at his head clerk. "And how are you going to get them?" he asked.

"That's a good one!" exclaimed Mr. Flick. "Who said I was going to get 'em? I'll do the broadcasting myself. No one will know the difference. If you say that Hergesheimer or Tarkington is talking who will question you? Voices sound pretty much alike over the radio—like cragged phonograph records, all of 'em. And even if they sounded natural it wouldn't matter. You don't think our customers know those lions well enough to detect their voices, do you?"

. . . Mr. Buckel when last seen was giving Mr. Flick a hard look. . . . Which hardly seems fair to us. We think Mr. Flick has a fine idea. . . . And when we open our bookshop we intend to give it a trial. . . . On an even more ambitious scale than Mr. Flick proposed. . . . Among those who will speak for us will be Shakespeare, Byron and Shelley. Our plan is to get Conan Doyle to persuade 'em to send spirit messages from the RIS (Retreat of Immortal Souls) station. The result should be a spirital program; one in thorough accord with our slogan: "Every Real Home Has Spooks."

Radio Activities

LETTERS OF A RADIO ENGINEER TO HIS SON. By John Mills. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THE BOOK OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE. By A. Frederick Collins. D. Appleton & Co.

THE RADIO PATHFINDER. By Richard H. Ranger. Doubleday, Page & Co.

WHAT seem to be about the most interesting group of books on the subject of radio, not forgetting, of course, A. Hyatt Verrill's "Radio for Amateurs," are the above. They are not written entirely for the beginner but for the advanced student and even for the expert. John Mills's "Letters of a Radio Engineer to His Son" contains letters written to a boy who wants to know every why and how of radio, from the buying and installing of the outfit to the personal habits of electrons. The book is decidedly not a juvenile as the title might suggest. Through these letters one is given an account of the fundamental principles of radio communication, directions for the installation and use of radio apparatus, how a battery works, getting electrons from a heated wire, how to measure an electron stream, why and how to use a detector and ever so many things too numerous to mention. The last letter is entirely devoted to what radio may mean in the future.

A. Frederick Collins, inventor of the wireless telephone, has gathered in "The Book of Wireless Telegraph and Telephone" a great deal of interesting information, illustrated by diagrammatic drawings, on telegraph and telephone sets and how to make and operate them, together with a simple explanation of how wireless works.

Richard H. Ranger's "The Radio Pathfinder" is a finely gotten up book and has line drawings by Thomas E. Monroe that add a great deal to the text therein. It is a simple, non-technical analysis on how the radio works and in an entertaining style gives one the basic principles of radio telegraphy and telephony.

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